

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

Devoted to the Development and Propagation of Truth, the Emancipation and Cultivation of the Human Mind.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1855.

VOLUME I.—NO. 15.

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BOOK, JOB AND ORNAMENTAL
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Buffalo, September, 1854. 11f

Poetry.

From the Knickerbocker.

The Emperor's Bird's-Nest.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Once the Emperor CHARLES of Spain,
With his swarthy, grave commanders,
I forgot in what campaign,
Long besieged in mud and rain
Some old frontier town of Flanders.

Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish leather,
Striding with a measured tramp,
Those Hidalgo, dull and damp,
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the weather.

Thus, as to and fro they went,
Over upland and through hollow,
Giving their impudence vent,
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,
In her nest they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,
Built of clay and hair of horses' mane
Or tail, or dragons' crest,
Found on hedgerows east or west,
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,
As he twirled his grey mustachio,
"Sure, this swallow over-head
Thinks our Emperor's tent a shed,
And our Emperor but a macho."

Hearing his imperial name
Coupled with these words of malice,
Half in anger, half in shame,
Forth the great campaigner came,
Slowly from his canvas palace.

"Let no hand the bird molest,"
Said he, solemnly, "nor hurt her!"
Adding then, by way of jest:
"Golondrino is my guest—
'Tis the wife of some deserter!"

Swift as bow-string speeds a shaft
Through the camp was spread the rumor;
And the soldiers, as they quaffed
Flemish-beer, at dinner, laughed
At the Emperor's pleasant humor.

So unharmed and unafraid,
There the swallow sat and brooded,
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had made,
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck its tents, as if disbanding;
Only not the Emperor's tent—
For he ordered, ere he went,
Very curtly, "Leave it standing!"

And it stood there all alone,
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,
Till the blood was fledged and flown,
Singing o'er those walls of stone,
That the cannon-shot had shattered.

* MACHO—The Spanish for male.

† GOLONDRIÑO, in Spanish, means a swallow and a deserter.

Miscellany.

The Dilemma.

"By St. Agatha! I believe there is something in the shape of a tear in those dark eyes of mine, about which the women rave so unmercifully," said the young Fitzclarence, as, after an absence of two years, he came once more in sight of his native village of Malhamdale. He stood upon the neighboring heights, and watched the curling smoke coming up from the cottage chimneys in the clear blue sky of evening, and saw the last beams of the setting sun, playing upon the western walls of his father's old baronial mansion, and, a little farther off, he could distinguish the trees and pleasure-grounds of Sir Meredith Appleby's less ancient seat. Then he thought of Julia Appleby, the baronet's only child, his youthful playmate, his first friend, and his first love; and as he thought of her, he sighed. I wonder why he sighed! When they parted two years before, sanctioned and encouraged by their respective parents, (for there was nothing the old people wished more than a union between the families,) they had sworn eternal fidelity, and pledged their hearts irrevocably to each other. Fitzclarence thought of all this, and again he sighed. Different people are differently affected by the same things. After so long an absence, many a man would, in the exuberance of his feelings, have thrown himself down upon the first bed of wild-flowers he came to, and spouted long speeches to himself out of all known plays. Our hero preferred indulging in the following little soliloquy:—"My father will be amazingly glad to see me," said he to himself, "and so will my mother, and so will my old friend the antediluvian butler Morgan ap-Morgan, and so will the pointer-bitch Juno, and so will my pony Troilus;—a pretty figure, by-the-by, I should cut now upon Troilus, in this gay military garb of mine, with my sword rattling between his legs, and my white plumes streaming in the air like a rainbow over him! And Sir Meredith Appleby, too, with his great gouty leg, will

hobble through the room in ecstasy as soon as I present myself before him;—and Julia—poor Julia, will blush, and smile, and come flying into my arms like a shuttlecock. Heighho!—I am a very miserable young officer. The silly girl loves me; her imagination is all crammed with hearts and darts; she will bore me to death with her sighs, and her tender glances, and her allusions to time past, and her hopes of time to come, and all the artillery of a love-sick child's brain. What, in the name of the Pleiades, am I to do? I believe I had a sort of penchant for her once, when I was a mere boy in my nurse's leading-strings; I believe I did give her some slight hopes at one time or other; but now—O! Rosalind! dear—delightful—"

Here his feelings overpowered him, and pulling a miniature from his bosom, he covered it with kisses. Sorry am I to be obliged to confess that it was not the miniature of Julia.

"But what is to be done?" he at length resumed.—"The poor girl will go mad; she will hang herself in her garters; or drown herself, like Ophelia, in a brook under a willow. And I shall be her murderer! I, who have never yet knocked on the head a single man in the field of battle, will commence my warlike operations by breaking the heart of a woman. By St. Agatha! it must not be; I must be true to my engagement. Yes! though I become myself a martyr, I must obey the dictates of honor. Forgive me, Rosalind, heavenly object of my adoration! Let not thy Fitzclarence—"

Here his voice became again inarticulate; and, as he wended down the hill, nothing was heard but the echoes of the multitudinous kisses he continued to lavish on the little brilliantly-set portrait he held in his hands.

Next morning, Sir Meredith Appleby was just in the midst of a very sumptuous breakfast, (for notwithstanding his gout, the baronet contrived to preserve his appetite,) and the pretty Julia was presiding over the tea and coffee at the other end of the table, immediately opposite her papa, with the large long-eared spaniel sitting beside her, and ever and anon looking wistfully into her face, when a servant brought in on a little silver tray, a letter for Sir Meredith. The old gentleman read it aloud; it was from the elder Fitzclarence: "My dear friend, Alfred arrived last night. He and I will dine with you to-day. Yours, Fitzclarence."—Julia's cheeks grew first as white as her brow, and then as red as her lips. As soon as breakfast was over, she retired to her own apartment, whither we must, for once, take the liberty of following her.

She sat herself down before her mirror, and deliberately took from her hair a very tasteful little knot of fictitious flowers, which she had fastened in it when she rose. One naturally expected that she was about to replace this ornament with something more splendid—a few jewels, perhaps; but she was not going to do any such thing. She rang the bell; her confidential attendant, Alice, answered the summons. "La! Ma'am," said she, "what is the matter? You look as ill as my aunt Bridget."—"You have heard me talk of Alfred Fitzclarence, Alice, have you not?" said the lady, languidly, and at the same time slightly blushing. "O! yes, Ma'am, I think I have. He was to be married to you before he went to the wars."—"He has returned, Alice, and he will break his heart if he finds I no longer love him. But he has been so long away, and Harry Dalton has been so constantly with me, and his tastes and mine are so congenial,—I'm sure you know, Alice, I am not fickle, but how could I avoid it? Harry Dalton is so handsome, and so amiable!"—"To be sure, Ma'am, you had the best right to choose for yourself; and so Fitzclarence must just break his neck if he pleases, or else fight a desperate duel with Mr. Dalton, with his swords and guns."—"O! Alice, you frighten me to death. There can be no duels fought for me. Though my bridal bed should be my grave, I shall be true to my word. The bare suspicion of my inconstancy would turn poor Alfred mad. I know how he doats upon me. I must go to the altar, Alice, like a lamb to the slaughter. Were I to refuse him, you may depend upon it he would put an end to his existence with five loaded pistols. Only think of that, Alice; what could I say for myself, were his remains found in his bed some morning?" History does not report what Alice said her mistress might, under such circumstances, say for herself; but it is certain that they remained talking together till the third dinner-bell rang.

The Fitzclarences were both true to their engagements, but notwithstanding every exertion on the part of the two old gentlemen, they could not exactly bring about that "flow of soul" which they had hoped to see animating the young people. At length, after the cloth was removed, and a few bumpers of claret had warmed Sir Meredith's heart, he said boldly,—"Julia, my love, as Alfred does not seem to be much of a wine bibber, suppose you show him the improvements in the gardens and hot-houses, whilst we sexagenarians remain where

we are, to drink to the health of both, and talk over a few family matters." Alfred, thus called upon, could not avoid rising from his seat, and offering Julia his arm. She took it with a blush, and they walked off together in silence. "How devotedly he loves me!" thought Julia, with a sigh. "No, no, I cannot break his heart."—"Poor girl!" thought Alfred, bringing one of the curls of his whiskers more killingly over his cheek; "her affections are irrevocably fixed upon me; the slightest attention calls to her face all the roses of Sharon."

They proceeded down a long gravel walk, bordered on both sides with fragrant and flowery shrubs; but, except that the pebbles rubbed against each other as they passed over them, there was not a sound to be heard.—Julia, however, was observed to hem twice, and we have been told that Fitzclarence coughed more than once. At length the lady stopped, and plucked a rose. Fitzclarence stopped also and plucked a lily. Julia smiled; so did Alfred. Julia's smile was chased away by a sigh; Alfred immediately sighed also. Checking himself, however, he saw the absolute necessity of commencing a conversation. "Miss Appleby!" said he at last. "Sir!—It is two years, I think, since we parted."—"Yes; two years on the fifteenth of this month." Alfred was silent. "How she adores me!" thought he; "she can tell to a moment how long it is since we last met."—"There was a pause."—"You have seen, no doubt, a great deal since you left Malhamdale?" said Julia. "O! a very great deal," replied her lover. Miss Appleby hemmed once more, and then drew in a vast mouthful of courage. "I understand that the ladies of England and Ireland are generally more attractive than those of Wales."—"Generally speaking, I believe they are."—"Sir!—That is, I mean, I beg your pardon—the truth is—I should have said—that—that you have dropped your rose." Fitzclarence stooped to pick it up; but in so doing, the little miniature which he wore round his neck escaped from under his waistcoat, and, though he did not observe it, it was hanging conspicuous on his breast, like an order, when he presented the flower to Julia.

"Good heavens! Fitzclarence, that is my cousin Rosalind!"

"Your cousin Rosalind! where? how?—The miniature! It is all over with me! The murder is out! Lord bless me! Julia, how pale you have grown; yet hear me! be comforted. I am a very wretch; yet I shall be faithful; do not turn away, love; do not weep! Julia! Julia! what is the matter with you?—By Jove! she is in hysterics; she will go distracted! Julia! I will marry you, I swear to you by—"

"Do not swear by any thing at all," cried Julia, unable any longer to conceal her rapture, "lest you be transported for perjury. You are my own—my very best Alfred!"

"Mad, quite mad," thought Alfred.

"I wear a miniature too," proceeded the lady; and she pulled from the loveliest bosom in the world the likeness, set in brilliants, of a youth provokingly handsome, but not Fitzclarence.

"Julia!"

"Alfred!"

"We have both been faithless!"

"And now we are both happy."

"By St. Agatha! I am sure of it. Only I cannot help wondering at your taste, Julia; that stripling has actually no whiskers!"

"Neither has my cousin Rosalind; yet you found her restles!"

"Well, I believe you are right; and, besides, de gustibus—I beg your pardon, I was going to quote Latin."

The Idiot.

AN ANECDOTE.

The heart, in many instances, is a better judge even of propriety in manners than the judgment. The judgment, in cases touching the conduct of individuals, is perhaps often too severe; for example, we are apt to regard with equal contempt the behavior of the weak and the silly, without considering, that under the zero of reason there are many degrees before the human intelligence sinks to that of the animal instincts. At least it is charitable to believe so, and it cherishes amiable sentiments to inculcate that doctrine.

Every reader of dramatic history has heard of Garrick's contest with Madam Clairon, and the triumph which the English Roscins achieved over the Siddons of the French stage, by his representation of the father struck with fatuity on beholding his only infant child dashed to pieces by leaping in his joy from his arms; perhaps the sole remaining conquest for histrionic tragedy is somewhere in the unexplored regions of the mind, below the ordinary understanding amidst the gradations of idiocy. The various shades and degrees of sense and sensibility which lie there unknown, Genius, in some gifted moment, may discover. In the meantime, as a small specimen of its undivulged dramatic treasures, we submit to our readers the following little anecdote.

A poor widow, in a small town in the north

of England, kept a booth or stall of apples and sweetmeats. She had an idiot child, so utterly helpless and dependent, that he did not appear to be ever alive to anger or self-defence. He sat all day at her feet, and seemed to be possessed of no other sentiment of the human kind than confidence in his mother's love, and a dread of the schoolboys, by whom he was often annoyed. His whole occupation, as he sat on the ground, was in swinging backwards and forwards, singing "pal-lal" in a low pathetic voice, only interrupted at intervals on the appearance of any of his tormentors, when he clung to his mother in alarm.

From morning to evening he sung his plaintive and aimless ditty; at night, when his poor mother gathered up her little wares to return home, so deplorable did his defects appear, that while she carried her table on her head, her stock of little merchandise in her lap, and her stool in one hand, she was obliged to lead him by the other. Ever and anon as any of the schoolboys appeared in view, the harmless thing clung close to her, and hid his face in her bosom for protection.

A human creature so far below the standard of humanity was nowhere ever seen; he had not even the shallow cunning which is often found among these unfinished beings; and his simplicity could not even be measured by the standard we would apply to the capacity of a lamb. Yet it had a feeling rarely manifested even in the affectionate dog, and a knowledge never shown by any mere animal. He was sensible of his mother's kindness, and how much he owed to her care. At night, when she spread his humble pallet, though he knew not prayer, nor could comprehend the solemnities of worship, he prostrated himself at her feet, and as he kissed them, mumbled a kind of mental orison, as if in fond and holy devotion. In the morning, before she went abroad to resume her station in the market-place, he peeped anxiously out to reconnoitre the street, and as often as he saw any of the schoolboys in the way, he held her firmly back, and sang his sorrowful "pal-lal."

One day the poor woman and her idiot boy were missed from the market-place, and the charity of some of the neighbors induced them to visit her hovel. They found her dead on her sorry couch, and the boy sitting beside her, holding her hand, swinging and singing his pitiful lay more sorrowful than he had ever done before. He could not speak, but only utter a brutish gabble; sometimes, however, he looked as if he comprehended something of what was said. On this occasion, when the neighbors spoke to him, he looked up with the tear in his eye, and clasping the cold hand more tenderly, sunk the strain of his mournful "pal-lal" into a softer and sadder key.

The spectators, deeply affected, raised him from the body, and he surrendered his hold of the earthly hand without resistance, retiring in silence to an obscure corner of the room. One of them, looking towards the others, said to them, "Poor wretch! what shall we do with him?" At that moment he resumed his chant, and lifting two handfuls of dust from the floor, sprinkled it on his head, and sung with a wild and clear heart-piercing pathos, "pal-lal—pal-lal."

The Way of the Drunkard.

BY C. D. STUART.

Let us consider the way of the drunkard. Behold! it leads down to the pit. And he who travels it staggers as though the earth were dissolving under his feet—as though he made haste to herd with the swine that lie down in the mire; and his tongue lolls out like the tongue of a beast—like a fool's tongue that wags but to saliva. Look backward! he was not so once. He was a fair-haired boy, making glad parents' hearts with golden promise. He was a comely youth, with beauty in all his looks and vigor in all his motions. He had a frank speech, a generous heart, a noble spirit, and scorned to abide with the vulgar, or with the liar and those who blaspheme.

But the tempter came—in a gay guise. Only a cup of festive wine. "Tis the nectar of the gods!" cried the siren, as she held it to his lips. How riotously ran the amber-colored fire in his veins—"More, more!" he shouted in the delirium of the hour—and when the cup fell from his lip, he recoiled—his innocence and his manhood poisoned, lost! From that hour, downward, downward! gathering speed as the snow pellet loosed from a pure Alpi summit, swells, and roars, and crashes on the valley below—carrying terror and ruin in all its bulk. His tongue forgot its truth and became a liar's tongue. His speech was wanton, and bitter with cursing. His cheek crimsoned, but not with the flush of noble emotion.

And there was weeping by the home-hearth. A father was bowed down with sorrow. The heart of a mother was broken. Grief and shame fell on brother and sister. Yet he turned not from his course. The fiend clatched him closer and closer; and he wedded a joyous young heart only to sting it to death with a

serpent's sting. She went to the grave, gray-haired in youth, and children—more than orphans—were paupers. He was a drunkard. He went in rags. His home was desolate—he had no home! Children playing in the streets pointed the finger at him, saying—"There goes the drunkard! And the virtuous shunned him, as he were a basilisk in the way."

And homeless, and friendless, and shameless, he gave his hand to violence and fraud. He won the burglar's and the forger's brand. He was a tenant of prisons; and in an hour of robber-drunk madness he smote a fellow to the earth—he was a murderer! And one summer day, in the midst of a multitude—whom the sight of a rum murderer shocked not from their "cups"—the hand of law fixed a rope's noose to his neck, and the soul of drunken crime passed to another judgment. It was a terrible end for a once fair-haired boy. But it was the natural end. The way of the drunkard is in evil, and violence, and crime—and the certain end thereof is the pit—Long Islander.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.—Mr. Brooks, of the New York Express, in his agreeable "Thoughts Abroad" from Europe, thus describes a meeting which he had with the youthful Empress of Austria:

"I had a full good look at this little Kaiserian of all the Austrians. She will pass for pretty, if for no other reason than that she is an empress. Her figure is petite, and she has all the look of a school girl, in the beginning of her teens, and not yet free from the age of 'bread and butter.' Just a year ago, the Emperor met with her at a little watering place in Upper Austria, called Ischell, where her mother, a Bavarian Duchess, and cousin of the Emperor had gone to try to bathe. The Bavarian mother brought her two daughters there to the imperial market, intending the eldest for the emperor if she could get him. The Emperor's mother (the Archduchess) gave a ball, and invited the Bavarians, the mother and two daughters. The Emperor instead of opening the ball, as everybody expected, with the eldest sister, invited the youngest to dance, in violation of all etiquette, and all expectation, whereby a great commotion was created at Ischell, and he then presented his dancing partner with a bouquet, which was construed into a mark of signal favor. In a few days afterwards he offered her his hand and empire, she became what in Germany is called a 'bride,' but on account of her extreme youth, she was not married until a few months since."

THE WAY TO GET HUSBANDS.—We commend the following to all ladies who are in haste to get married. It is the best receipt for single-blessedness that we have seen:—

A gentleman of the bar, in a neighboring county, in easy circumstances and pretty good practice, had rendered himself somewhat remarkable by his attempts in the way of matrimonial speculation. A maiden rather advanced in years, residing some miles distant in the neighborhood, hearing of this lawyer's propensity—that his character was unexceptionable and his situation in life was tolerably good, resolved upon making him her husband. She hit upon the following expedient: She pretended suddenly to be taken very ill, and sent for the man of law to prepare her will. He attended for that purpose. By her will she devised £10,000 in bank stock, to be divided among her three cousins, some thousands in bonds and notes to a niece, and a vast landed estate to a favorite nephew. The will being finished, she gave the lawyer a very liberal fee, and enjoined on him secrecy, for some pretended purpose, thus precluding him from an inquiry into her real circumstances. Need I mention the result? In a fortnight the lady thought proper to be again restored to health. The lawyer called to congratulate her on her restoration—begged permission to visit her which was politely given. After a short courtship, the desired offer was made. The bargain was concluded, and ratified by the wife, whose whole estate consists of an annuity of sixty-five dollars.—English paper.

THE WONDERFUL PLANT.—Mary and Kate were both travelling up to the next market town laden with heavy baskets of fine fruit and vegetables. Kate murmured and sighed at every step, while Mary joked and laughed as she plodded steadily forward.

"How can you laugh so? your basket is fully as heavy as mine, and I am sure you are no stronger than I," said Kate.

"Why," replied Mary, "you see that I took care to put on the very top of my basket a certain little plant, and I can scarcely feel any weight at all. You should have done the same."

"Oh," cried Kate, "that must be a wonderful plant, indeed! I would gladly lighten my load with it; do tell me what it is."

Mary answered—
"The precious plant which lightens every burden is Patience!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS:—"Candor," is unavoidably postponed till next week. Then it will appear.

"Vindex" is inadmissible. In the first place, we claim the right to know the real names of our correspondents. In the second place, we do not approve of wasting ammunition on such

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Lecture No. 5.—By Stephen R. Smith.

This lecture was received at three sittings, through Miss Brooks, by raps. Sometimes the conditions are such that the spirits communicate with great difficulty. A rarefied and damp atmosphere renders it almost impracticable for them to communicate at all. Sometimes the conditions are such that a lecture of this length is received in a single evening.

Let it be understood that all these lectures come through Miss B., by raps, unless we announce otherwise.

We had not thought of giving our readers any account of our Rev. STEPHEN R. SMITH, when he inhabited a mortal tenement, because we knew that he was extensively known in this state, as well as in several other states of the Union. Inasmuch, however, as our paper now circulates farther than the compass of his acquaintance, it may not be amiss to state that he was an eminent Divine, of the Universalist persuasion—was respected and loved by all who knew him intimately, and held in high estimation by the community, as well for his moral preponderance as for his great abilities as a preacher of the gospel.

He had the pastoral charge of the First Universalist congregation of this city, from 1843 to 1849, and to within some four months of his decease. He labored to do good till his mortal body gave out in the service. He has now put on immortality, and inhabits a body which is indestructible. In this new and immortal body, he has recommenced his labors of love; and he has already asked "those who listened to his teachings while upon earth, not to shun him if now he returns to them with higher perceptions of divine knowledge." We too, hope they will not; but if they do, it shall not be our fault; for, whilst it is practicable for us to do so, we will give his teachings to the world, knowing that we can, in no other way, better serve God or His human children.

Thursday Evening, Dec. 28.

The Immortality of the Soul.

Spiritual life is the divine essence of the immortal mind. Harmony, action and progression, the infinite principle of the spirit. The eternal soul is the embodiment of wisdom, love and divine harmony. We find that an immortalized matter forms the eternal and progressive mind. When the spirit is departing its earthly sphere, it passes through multitudinous processes; and while it is undergoing the change, its spiritual body, or organization, is also being formed, so that what portion of refined matter goes to constitute that body, is separated from the human organization. It is gradually concentrated into the spiritual organization, until all the spiritually refined matter is attracted to the spiritual form, and the mind occupies its position in that body, and commences its glorious work of heavenly progression.

The immortal mind first aspires to define its eternal progression. Aspiration gives life and soul to the immortal spirit. Love gives the spirit its position in its new existence. It requires a God to appreciate a God. It also requires a harmonious mind to understand and appreciate harmony. Harmonious principles are first the deep study of the spirit. This is the life and action of its spiritual being. It is the type of the positive mind—the image of the Great Creator. The immortal soul is a glorious and happy one. It has labors to perform which elaborate and develop its mental faculties; and the spirit unfolds its vision to the researches of that divine knowledge, which emanates continually from the governing soul, and is conveyed by purely developed minds of higher spheres, to those of a lower sphere. All knowledge inculcated by the immortal mind advances its development in a degree higher; and thus it will ever work its way up through the spheres of an immortal progression, until its refinement will become so perfect that it forgets the universe of materiality. Upward and onward is the destiny of the spirit, through eternity, until it shall occupy the sphere of development that the Supreme Ruler now occupies; but no spirit will ever reach the throne of Deity.

The undeveloped spirit sees before him an embryo heaven; but truth illumines his inner perception, and while his mind is dissolving into the beauties of a spiritual life, it yearns for that light which protects and guides the eternal mind. As flowers fade beneath the autumnal breeze, so the human form returns to dust, and another glorious world, and the undefinable beauties of another life, are revealed to the spirit. The mind awakens to the bright realities of a divine existence. Through the immortal soul steals the beautifying thoughts, awakened by the harmonious elements pervading the whole organization of nature. The spirit is disrobed of its evil tendencies and aspires to holier truths beyond its own sphere of development. The mind never ceases to progress. God progresses, and every mind is drawn towards Him, rising still higher and higher. God is the embodiment of perfection. He possesses the divine and infinite qualities of wisdom, love and holiness.

There is, throughout the universe of God, an everlasting and unchanging law, which harmonizes mind with mind, and every spiritual object with its like. This law is ORDER. The immortal soul cannot violate this law, for it partakes

of the divine essence which forms it; and its thoughts and aspirations are concentrated in this controlling principle of the spirit world.

There is a law, immutable and unchanging, which draws immortal souls indissolubly together; and this law is HARMONY. From this no spirit can stray; for, from the position of God, to the lowest sphere, harmony flows from the throne of Deity, through every mind, until it reaches the most undeveloped one. By this glorious law, every immortal soul is connected by unchanging ties of affection, and is drawn upwards towards its heavenly Father.

There is a law, celestial and infinite, its power omniscient, its omnipresence eternal. It is the indwelling spiritual principle of the thirsting and aspiring soul. It is the great, immortal impulse of the spirit. This law is characterized by life, motion and intelligence. It is deposited in the Divine Mind, and is thence distributed through every sphere. This law is wisdom.

There is still another law. It is the law of refinement and expansion, that has no limitation. It inspires the spirit with veneration. It is the mainspring of progression. It is stamped upon every thing and every object. It is the law of LOVE. All these laws are locked together by one grand and harmonious law of omniscient power; and that is the law of God.

If every spirit could stand upon the immeasurable mount of intellectual elevation, and read every line traced upon the unbounded and illuminated page of nature, by the hand of God, to behold the many minds beneath itself, the attribute of aspiration would be quickened, and that mind rise rapidly to the sphere of wisdom; and, as from God descended still deeper truths, it would still aspire to something beyond—something greater and holier—something that would reveal its own destiny, and pure and infinite progression would mark its upward course.

God is the first cause, the positive mind. Nature is of his creation, and is negative. God never changes. His position is beyond modification or change. His qualities are superlatively perfect. God is the Father of all. Progression marks His eternal and divine career. He is the superlative magnet, and he is Deity. He stands at the head of spiritual and human beings, drawing them still higher and nearer to that grand position where every atom of matter which is uncongenial to that sphere of development shall have gone to assist in the organization of other spiritual structures. The spirit, when it arrives at this point in progression, ceases to communicate with mind lower than itself. The immortal soul is drawn infinitely nearer to God when disrobed of gross materiality. Order, harmony, wisdom and love, are the four great and immutable laws that control the immortal mind. Those laws blend harmoniously together, and are tinted with the light emanating from the supremacy of our Heavenly Father.

Wisdom enriches the immortal mind. Love harmonizes it. Order connects it in conjunction with the eternal laws of God; and harmony inspires it with deep and holy affection towards every being in a spiritual or material existence. The combination and blending of these laws forbid the heavenly spirit to violate the immutable principles of the Divine Mind. The immortal soul is ever bearing the hope which infuses into it the essence of infinite and harmonious elements. The immortal soul, when moving up and up forever, when asked, whether dost thou journey? turns its perception upon the searching mind, and responds: I follow my God. The human soul, when asked, whether dost thou journey? must, with tenderness and generosity, look upon the seeking mind, point its pinions to the Supreme Ruler, and respond: To my home in heaven.

Truly Yours,
STEPHEN R. SMITH.

The subject of Mr. SMITH's next lecture will be "The Evils of the Present Age."

Lecture No. 2, by Edgar C. Dayton.

We had intended to give a history of our acquaintance with this spirit, introductory to his first lecture; but the press of other duties crowded it out of our recollection. We will now proceed to supply the omission.

He came to us at the close of a circle, of which I was a member, in the early part of last winter. There were but few of us remaining; and of that few he selected some four or five, to constitute a circle to receive instructive communications from him. At the second meeting of this little circle, he told us as follows, through Miss Brooks:

"My name was EDGAR C. DAYTON. I was born in Richmond, Virginia; lived there till I was seventeen years old; then emigrated to England; became Professor of Anatomy and Obstetrics, and lectured in all the dissecting rooms from Liverpool to London. Four years ago (now five years) when I was thirty-five years old, being at Bristol, I fell from the top of a flight of steps, thirty feet high, and died of concussion of the brain."

Being perfectly satisfied with the account which this elevated spirit gave of himself, no one of the circle with whom he has been in communion, has taken the trouble to write for information, either to Richmond or to Liverpool. It would be a good test for any one who doubts the reality of spiritual communications, to write to those places and ascertain whether there was such a boy at Richmond, or such a man at Liverpool, London or Bristol:

Physical and Spiritual Anatomy.

There are two worlds; one is the material world, through which pervades undeveloped and spiritual matter. The other is a universe which is capable of sustaining the highest degree of spiritually refined mind and matter—There are also two forms which the spirit in-

habits. One is the physical or original organization, the other is the spiritual form. These forms are not unlike. The spiritual form contains the highest sublimation of matter. There are laws equally magnificent governing both of these forms. Each has an anatomy of itself. There are various functions in the human organization, performing its material work, developing and sustaining the beauty of human life. The brain is the seat of the mind; the heart the main-spring of life. In the spiritual form, mind and eternalized matter are the propelling forces of spiritual life. The mind is the heart, or the centre of life, in the eternal organization. Matter is a power that gives action and force to the mind. It is constantly being thrown from higher spheres or loftier minds, developing and unfolding the faculties of the spirit. The spirit, when born into the new life, has its form created as the child has when it enters the earthly life. The only dissimilarity existing between the two, is this: The spiritual organization is much more sublimated and perfect. It is composed of the refined matter emanating from an immortal world. The human form partakes of undeveloped matter of an unrefined sphere, or from the animal kingdom.

The substance of which the human constitution partakes and requires, is analyzed and appropriated by the digestive functions and gastric fluid, and goes to create new muscles, nerves and arteries. The sublimated portion goes to constitute the spiritual principle, which gives action, motion and illumination to the entire organization of the mind and body. The lungs and heart are the centre of human life. The brain is a medium through which life and intellect are manifested. There is an eternal harmony wrought by the hand of God, existing throughout the physical structure. Every artery and function of the human body blends and performs its natural work from harmonious principles, unless the great physiological law of nature has been violated. If that eternal principle which governs the physical structure and adds beauty to human life, has been violated, then the constitutional susceptibility creates within itself a nervousness and impatience disturbing the elements of the spiritual principle, and thus the hand of disease crushes the natural powers of intellect, preventing the development of wisdom, and the passions forces flow through whatever channel surrounding influences may attract them to.—This is the great obstruction to the pure and thorough refinement of the human spirit.

The inexhaustible material composing the spiritual organization, is matter. The all-sustaining principle of the spiritual form, is nature. There is a law, universal and eternal, governing, unchangeably, both mind and body. The mind is the centre of spiritual life. Its all-absorbing principle is the natural workings of harmony, created by a divine mind. Every atom which goes to constitute the spiritual form, is drawn together by nature; and the spirit, after leaving the material form, never disorganizes nor changes into another; for nature never changes its laws. Thus it is that, in heaven, the mind can range through the universe of God, and eternally retain its beauty and glory.

Does the spirit undergo a change analogous to the transition of the spirit from the physical structure? All forms were created from anatomical and physiological laws. Every structure is composed of matter, and matter is substance. Now, when the spirit leaves the human form, it is, by an anatomical process, separated entirely from the form. It, the spirit, separates itself from this earthly sphere. After the spirit is freed from its gross materiality, it inhabits another structure analogous to the human body. The matter constituting the spiritual form, has the same degree of development corresponding with the mind. And now, instead of the spirit separating itself from this physiological body, in order to dwell in the next sphere higher, the body throws off the undeveloped matter which is inanimate to the condition of that development which the mind aspires to. As the mind progresses in sublimation and development, so does the body.—As the mind throws off its undeveloped matter, as it becomes more sublimated, so does the spiritual structure which mind inhabits, throw off, by anatomical principles, the inanimate matter pervading it. Now, this is a change analogous to the change of the mind from the physical or human system. The difference existing between the two changes or separations, is this: The spirit, by physiological principles, established by God, separates itself from the human form. The change, after the spirit takes up its abode in a spiritual structure, instead of the mind separating from that form, the undeveloped matter is disorganized from both body and mind, and goes to constitute other physical structures.

Upon the same method of organization, creations originate from anatomical laws; and as they progress in refinement, the undeveloped matter thrown off in their progression, goes to form minerals; and by geological process, these minerals also become more and more sublimated. Every thing in creation has an anatomy. The mind has an anatomy. The body has an anatomy. Nature has an anatomy. The spiritual structure has a cerebral organization analogous to the human brain. But when mortals hear, their hearing is produced through an organ of hearing. So with tasting and seeing.—Now, the mind, after becoming immortalized, hears from an immutable law of perception; and this law, being characterized by harmony, action and perception, feeling, seeing and tasting are produced by the same universal principle.

The spirit, though its form is analogous to the human form, does not hear by an organ through which hearing is produced; but when it hears it hears by perception. Nor does the

spiritual form, or the spirit, require such sustenance to impart strength and vitality, as the mind in the human body requires. Wisdom and purity are the sustaining principles of the immortal mind. Hearing, seeing, tasting and feeling, are produced by the law of perception. When a spirit of a higher sphere wishes to speak with one of a lower sphere, it is not necessary for the one spirit to find the other and talk face to face; but by the law of perceptive attraction—by natural intuition, the higher spirit can attract the mind of the lower; and by a mental telegraph, can gain the information required. And in this manner, or by this method, thoughts are conveyed from God to the next development, and so on, until they are carried to their destined objects. This is what we term mental telegraphing, by perceptive attraction.

In tracing the planetary system, we find one planet that holds intercourse with immortal minds, by the telegraphing of mentality. This planet is Saturn. The organization of this planet, is much more harmonious and beautiful than your planet, Earth. The law of harmony exists there; and the minds dwelling in that universe being much more sublimated than earthly minds, they have observed the laws of nature and God; and they seek for wisdom, and find it. Hence, the law of wisdom governs their actions. The inhabitants occupying this world, have passed the meridian of iniquity. They are much more perfect in form than the inhabitants of any other planet. On this planet, mind blends with nature, and nature responds to every wish, and awakens still greater desires for wisdom and knowledge. Hence, it earnestly endeavors to discern the rich mines of wisdom that lie buried in the immeasurable depths of eternity.

We also find a connective attraction existing between all planets, each having its corresponding attraction to the spirit world. And now, however strange it may appear to you, there will be, as mind develops, a communication established between the minds of Earth and the minds of other planets. Before a free and undisturbed intelligence is communicated from the departed spirit to the earthly spirit, there must be a free intercourse existing between Earth and those planets farther advanced in development. Minds inhabiting the planet Saturn, know from intuitive perception, the condition of other planets. The spirit land and every other-creation, or planet, must be governed by the grand laws of order, wisdom and harmony, before a true and definite knowledge of the human spirit's future destiny shall be clearly understood.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

"Lyric of the Morning Land."

We have received, from the publishers, (Messrs. Partridge and Britton), this "child of the skies," communicated through Rev. T. L. HARRIS, who has already been made the medium of poetical wonders, which, if denied the spiritual origin, would astonish the world. Poems so voluminous, and withal so sublimely grand and beautiful, as the "Epic of the Starry Heaven," and the "Lyric of the Morning Land," to be produced in an aggregate of detached periods of time less than a single day, without spirit agency, would be harder to believe than the whole spirit philosophy.

We shall not venture to speak of the merits of this wonderful poem, but shall, occasionally, quote from it, that our readers may judge for themselves. We copy "The Poet's Story," who gives an account of his decease and entrance into the spirit world.

The Poet's Story.

I. Don't stand so near me—give me air—
I faint—I choke—'tis dark—good-bye—
I rise; I see my body lie
Beneath me. Friends I loved are there.
I hear them talk. I see them shed
Big tears, and now they call me dead.
They kiss the sunken cheeks; the chill
Repels them; heart, breast, lips are still;
The cold blood curdles in the veins;
The nameless Terror comes and reigns.
Can this be death? It is. I lay
My spirit-hand upon the clay.
And feel that I have passed away.

II. Now, come what will, at least I'm free.
I fear not, though indeed I fear
Men say that I am damned. How dear
My fellow-creatures were to me.
I gave the life-blood of my thought,
Love, Truth and Peace, in deeds I wrought;
I poured my being out like wine.
Chanting the hymn of life divine.
And yet they call me damned—my doom
They calmly speak, before the tomb
Has taken to its cold embrace
My body's dust. My mortal race
Is ended: Friends I loved so well
Say I am now a fiend—in hell—
And why? Because I could not see
That three were one and one was three.

III. I'll seek, O Life! thy wondrous climes.
Yon Evening Star, how fair it shines!
Yon Morning Star, Day shouts to day!
I will go upward. Saint and Sage
Have passed in mystic pilgrimage
This way before me—spirits just.
In thy dear love, O Lord! I trust.
Blessed and Beatitude, far away
On Angel mountains, where ye stray
In holy contemplation, free
From Earth and from its agony,
Palm Socrates, and thou, the bright
And star-eyed Plato, let the light
Of your serene world out-flame,
And guide me, for with single aim
I worshipped Wisdom. Ye have gone
Before me, and I follow on.
Faint would I sit with sages old,
O Pallas! in thy house of gold.
But hark! what strain is this I hear?
'Tis sweet, 'tis soft, and yet I fear.

IV. "Hail, stranger! welcome to my ivory hall;
The undulating banners wave and fall
Forever in our Heaven. The skies alway
Are decked with yellow morning where we stray.
The purple gleaming through the silver folds
Flies like a startled fawn. The brightest mists
Its falling star-flakes into fruits and flowers,
And sparry grots, and high and spire-like towers,
Where Wisdom sits, unseen but not unknown;
And the still ether, like a jewelled zone,
That clasps the immortal form of purity,
In silence beats, vibrating ceaselessly.
And Hesperus rocks upon the silver sea
Of western Heaven, and speaks to audibly.
And in the orient Jupiter appears.
Lo! here we dwell with Wisdom, and her years
Flow over us, as flows the sea of fire
From God into creation. Our desire
Called thee from out the dust. Our thoughts
Prevail

To rule thy destiny. Hail, brother, hail!
V. I see a cataract of crimson fire.
As if a world were melted into flame,
Poured from the hollow sky,
Falling tumultuously,
And spreading as it rolls
With music like the utterance of all souls,
Into ten thousand, thousand words again.
And all the drops bloom into fiery suns,
And all the sparkles whirling from the pyre,
Idly away, as flames, become
Are planet-girded spheres and horizons.
And rainbow after rainbow spans the main,
And all that luminous mist,
By splendor clasped and kissed,
Rises sublime on high,
And spreads, and visibly
Forms an effulgent dome, a stellar fane,
And the transcendent brightness grows more
Bright,
Till the red cataract vanishes from sight.

VI. "What meaneth this?" I cried;
I heard a distant voice that, grand, replied,
"Creation, Life, and Immortality;
The cataract falling from the cloven sky
Is the great flood of Nature, and the spray
The myriad systems of immensity;
The mist into the heavenly vault ascending,
And with the pure, transcendent whiteness
blending.
The universe of souls forever tending
Up to their primal Source." Here the glad voice
Grew still; and I was told to take my choice
Of these alternates: "Either to ascend,
Six days in planet Jupiter to spend;
Or else to be transported into Mars;
Or wander where the belted Saturn smiles;
Or float amid the radiant Summer isles
Men call the Asteroids; or speed my flight
Where Mercury inhales the solar light.

VII. But my spirit within me said, "Seek thou the land,
Far away from the Earth, where the weary
are glad,
Where the heart by the soft Summer music is
fanned;
Where the Spirits of Beauty are deathlessly
clad;
Where the sorrows of Earth are in rapture forgot,
Be that home of delight where it may.
Then I rose till I came to a balm-breathing spot,
And a Spirit of light led the way.
And I rested, entranced, like a dew-drop that
sleeps
In the heart of the Summer's first rose,
When the Angel of Pleasure all silently keeps
A watch o'er its blissful repose.

VIII. There, when I woke, I woke to find,
That I had left all thought behind
Of lower Earth and earthly things;
Out from my breasts grew argent wings;
And when I spoke, my words out-flew
Like butterflies gold-winged and blue;
And when I thought, my thoughts took form;
And when I wished, my wish was born
Into an outward shape, so fair
Its shafted brightness tinged the air
With plumed streaks of feathered flame.
A Spirit called me by a name
Which indicated "Singing Sweetness;"
And I became a winged feebleness;
Sometimes I played in the windless eaves
Haunted by Naiads beneath the waves;
Or crept into crimson shells unceasing,
And in them heard the Heart of the World
Beating forever, and singing in rhyme
Strange songs, more ancient than eldest Time.
And I saw the Silver Spirits who pleasure
And live and love 'mid the viewless treasure
Of lawny vales and mountains hid
'Neath the ocean wave, as beneath the lid
Of a sleeping infant its heaven-lit eye,
Or stars rapt away in the day-lit sky.

IX. 'Twas the strangest life in those bowers of green
We lived. We did laugh and dream and dream
Of beauty, and gladness, and love, and bliss;
We treaded the flowery wilderness
Of the inner life. We awoke to find
That our thoughts in sleep had been unconfin'd,
And builded around us in temples of light,
Arched over with turquoise and chrysolite;
There we danced as the stars in their ether move,
And our luminous eyes grew inspired with love;
And we rose from our halls beneath the wave,
From emerald grotto and sparry cave,
Till at last, as numerous as leaves in a wood,
As or drops in a shower, we rose o'er the flood,
And like a bright rainbow we formed our band
In a three-fold arch o'er the Upper Land.
There we shone as the rain-drops after a shower,
Transformed into fires in their heavenly tower—
Then sped away through the laughing sea,
And sank into sleep and its ecstasy.
Then I awakened, O Spirit! to find thee near,
And I knew thou wert loved by the Angels
here."

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